

Ghost Boy

Chapter 23

Kyle stared at his phone, waited for the call he knew was coming.

By now, Ana would've arrived home. She'd have discovered her father's unconscious, unresponsive body.

How would she react to it?

The man was a monster, but Ana didn't know that. All she'd see was her father, dead to the world. Someone she care about and loved, trapped in a coma he'd never be able to escape from. Likely, Kyle knew, his lover would be heart-broken. Devastated. Destroyed.

Would she call Kyle right away? Or would she call for an ambulance?

She *would* contact Kyle. If not right away, then soon afterwards. She had to. They were, after all, connected. Lovers.

He was her source of comfort. And she'd be wanting plenty of *that*.

So he waited, eyes on his phone.

There were other things he could be doing. Other things he *should* be doing. But none of them mattered as much as Ana. None of them were as important.

In the other room, his mother's bedroom, was another unconscious body.

He still hadn't returned his mother's ghost to her body. It was just there, floating in her bedroom above her body. Where Lucy had left it. Just waiting to be returned.

Kyle knew he should do it. Return the woman's ghost to her body.

But he didn't.

Instead, he waited. Eyes on his phone. Mind racing.

It was over an hour later when his phone finally began to ring.

He answered it immediately, was instantly confronted with the hysterical sobbing of a beautiful girl. Ana. Crying uncontrollably, to the point that Kyle couldn't make out any of the words his girlfriend was trying to say.

"Ana?" He asked softly.

"He's not waking up!" The girl's sweet voice wailed. "The doctors say... They..."

Her voice broke, the pain overwhelming her.

"Ana," Kyle said, heart throbbing in his chest. "Where are you? What hospital?"

It took the girl several attempts to answer him.

"Morsen General," Ana managed to splutter out at last. "Same as... Same as Mom. Oh God. She's on her own! She doesn't-"

"It's going to be okay," Kyle promised. "Close your eyes. Try to breathe. Picture the mountaintop. Trust me. Everything is gonna be alright."

He kept speaking, trying to soothe her.

And, while he spoke, he searched the hospital's location online.

There were three hospitals in the city. Too many to explore at random in the hopes of finding Ana. But, knowing which one she was at, he'd be able to go ghost-mode and seek her out in a matter of minutes.

"I have to go now," Kyle said, eliciting a louder, more agonised wail from Ana. "But it'll be okay. Keep your eyes closed, keep picturing the mountain. I promise, you'll feel better in a moment."

Hanging up on her was painful.

Imagining the betrayal she must feel, the abandonment, was even more so.

But he could fix that. Take all the pain away, all the bad feelings and negative thoughts. He could fix everything. All he had to do was go ghost-mode, find Ana and soothe her properly.

Kyle shut his eyes, left his body.

In moments, he was on the other side of the city, flying through hospital rooms one

by one.

Finding Ana didn't take long at all.

She was, unsurprisingly, inside a hospital room – sat next to a bed with an unconscious man laying on it.

In her hand, she held a phone. Stared at its screen as she cried softly. Beautiful, even in her grief. An angel with icy blue eyes and long, blonde hair. She sat motionless save for the shaking and heaving of her sobs.

If he could have, Kyle would've hugged her. Held her close.

But, in ghost-mode, he couldn't.

Even attempting to would've only resulted in him being bombarded by her thoughts and memories, her emotions.

He drifted above her, glanced down at her phone screen.

A familiar phone-number on a contact screen.

She was looking at Kyle's phone number with bloodshot, miserable eyes. In pain from her father's condition, hurting from Kyle not being able to help her. All alone.

It broke Kyle's heart to see.

And so he did the only thing he could.

He reached forward with his ghostly hand.

He didn't pluck her ghost out. He didn't *need* to.

Instead, he swept his hand through her body – snatching individual thoughts from her with each go. Her pain, her sorrow, the panic and dread, the confusion, all the questions she wanted to ask and demand answers for.

Why her father? Why now? Was it some kind of punishment?

Answers for a god that'd never answer her.

But that didn't *have* to be the case. Just because the big man in the sky that Ana worshipped would never speak to her or answer her, didn't Kyle himself couldn't guide her.

He swept his hand through her, stealing away her pain and replacing it with calm. Robbing her of her sorrow and giving her relaxed indifference in its place. He knew the girl better than anyone else in the world. Knew her even better than she knew herself. Kyle knew what made her tick, the things she cared about and the ideals she lived by.

Nothing happens, he silently reminded her, *that God does not will*.

If her father was in a coma, it was because 'God' willed it.

And Ana believed that her God cared about her, wanted what was best for her. So, *this* was for the best. She might not be able to understand why, might not ever know what her deity had planned for her, but she could always count on it being for her own benefit.

As he worked, sweeping his hand through Ana time and time again, the girl began to visibly relax.

By the time he was done, she was actually smiling.

It wouldn't stick, Kyle knew. Given enough time alone, Ana's thoughts would return to that painful, hurtful place. But, as long as Kyle kept at it, continued to guide her, she'd get through it.

Her father was gone. But life went on.

Before drifting away from her, Kyle placed one last thought in his lover's head. A small, simple thing.

Gratitude towards Kyle.

He was, after all, the one who'd saved her from her pain. Even if she wasn't aware of it.

Kyle floated away from Ana, began searching through the hospital once again. Eyes hunting for a beautiful blonde woman he knew all too well. Ana's mother. A piece of the puzzle that Kyle knew he'd have to manipulate eventually.

What better time than now?

He found the mature beauty in a different wing of the hospital. Sitting up in her bed, eyes red and puffy from crying.

She was an amazingly attractive woman, a mature version of her daughter. Bright blonde hair, icy blue eyes. There was no mistaking that she and Ana were close relatives. And, with those huge, bloated tits, this woman was almost as delicious a prize as Ana was herself.

Unlike her daughter, the mother was not sobbing openly. This one was far more restrained in her grieving.

Slowly, Kyle reached forward, swept his hand through her body.

Fear. Pain. Dread. Anguish.

She'd just given birth. They had a new baby. Why now, of all times, did tragedy have to strike? This was supposed to be a happy occasion. A day they remembered for the rest of their lives with fondness. But now...

Despite the fear and pain, there was a hint of hope.

Maybe, Ana's mother thought, it was just a false alarm. Maybe her husband would wake up at any moment, and everything would be fine.

Kyle shook his head, filled his fingertips with a single thought. An undeniable truth.

He's gone forever.

When the thought hit her, the woman choked out a sob.

This wasn't Ana. Kyle didn't have to be as gentle or thoughtful. The sooner this woman faced the truth, the sooner she realised her husband was gone for good, the sooner he'd be able to take his plan a step further.

Ana and her mother were conservative in their mindsets, religious and pious. The kind of people who believed a home needed a man around to function properly.

Hell, even if they didn't *fully* believe that, Kyle could easily *make* them see the world that way.

And, with the husband and father gone, and no other man to take his place, it'd be on *Kyle* to step up and become the 'man of the house'. Ana's boyfriend. He'd move in with Ana and her mother, live with his love and spend every night with her. Maybe even spend a few with her mother, too. With all his powers, there was no reason he *couldn't* do it.

He's never coming back.

He swept his hand through the woman again, relishing in her anguish.

Pain now for greater pleasure later.

Kyle would be a good husband to Ana. A good man to her mother.

In the end, this was all for the best. They'd be happier this way. *Kyle* would be happier. Everyone would win.

You're alone.

But not for long. Kyle would create a hollow in the woman's heart, only to fill it with himself. She didn't know her daughter had a boyfriend yet. But, before long, she'd love Kyle just as much as Ana did.

Kyle would have *everything*.

No second place, no games or tricks. He'd have Ana, he'd have her mother, he'd have his own mother. Three women in his life, all beautiful and kind and loving.

After everything he'd been through, he *deserved* that much.

Kyle gazed at his mother's ghost.

It'd been out of her body an entire day at this point. Her body had been possessed by Lucy, then left empty when the bitch had gone. For one whole day, his mother's ghost had done nothing but float there lifelessly.

Would there be any long-term side effects to leaving a ghost out so long? Would there be any side effects at all?

Kyle shook his head, pushed down the urge to return his mother's ghost to her

body. Instead, he drifted there, thoughtful. A decision brewing in his mind. A plan that he'd need to enact sooner or later. Why not now?

Lucy had warped his mother's mind. Twisted it so that the woman thought she had a daughter, not a son.

He couldn't fix that. Not completely.

Even if he somehow managed to return her mind to the way it'd been before, there would still be a version of his mother that believed she had a daughter. Who had the memories and experiences of playing dress-up with 'Kylie', of talking about guys and sex with her.

Kyle could try to lock all that away, trap it in her subconscious somewhere, but he didn't know how well that would work. Or if it was even possible at all.

These were uncharted grounds.

For all the practice he'd gotten, all the minds he'd twisted and warped in preparation for fixing his mother, he still knew so little.

But he couldn't do nothing.

He had to *try*.

Slowly, cautiously, he reached for his mother's ghost.

Hunger.

It was the first sensation Kyle felt as he slipped inside his body again. A stomach-rumbling hunger. He groaned as he sat up in bed, pushed himself onto his feet.

Creaking floorboards elsewhere in the apartment told him that he wasn't the only one up.

His mother, ghost back where it belonged, was wide awake and probably even more hungry than Kyle was. He had no doubt in his mind that she'd start throwing together something to eat immediately.

As he walked towards his bedroom door, Kyle's heart raced.

Had it worked?

He had no idea. For all the thoughts he'd tweaked, all the false realities he'd tried to alter, he had *no idea* if he'd fixed his mother's mind or not. For all he knew, he could've made things worse.

He hesitated for a moment before turning the door handle, stepping inside the apartment's main room.

His mother was there, searching through kitchen cabinets.

And, just for a single second, a brief moment, it was like the last few months hadn't happened. He was at home with his mother, hanging out. No Wanderer shenanigans, no Lucy or Ana or anything. Just him and his mother, at home. Content.

Then she looked at him, smiled, her eyes slightly unfocused.

"Are you hungry Kylie?" His mother asked. "I'm about to make food. What do you want to eat?"

Kyle shrugged.

So much for fixing his mother's mind.

"Anything," he sighed.

If she was upset about losing an entire day of her life, missing work and all that, his mother didn't show it. She made food for them both, and together they sat down and ate it. His mother asked about school, told him how boring and crappy work was. It was, for the most part, a normal, ordinary dinner.

"So," his mother smiled after they were done eating, "tell me about your boyfriend."

"I don't have one," Kyle blushed.

"Liar," his mother grinned, eyes twinkling. "A girl as cute as you? No way you don't have guys chasing after you constantly. When I was your age—"

"Mom," Kyle groaned. He did *not* want to learn more about his mother's 'younger

days'. "Please."

The woman giggled, and again her eyes unfocussed.

A shiver ran down Kyle's spine.

Something was wrong. He could *feel* it.

"I'm just saying I know what it's like to have all that attention from guys. Sometimes you can't help yourself, you know?"

"No," Kyle said. "I don't know. Because I don't-"

"Like the building manager here," his mother continued, voice dropping to a low whisper. "I haven't done it yet, but that temptation's there. I know he wants to. Think about it; free rent for a month, and a nice fucking to boot. As far as I'm concerned, that's a win, win."

"Mom!"

Was it Lucy? Was she in the room, manipulating his mother?

Maybe. But, somehow, that didn't feel right.

"In fact, what better time than now? You should come along too, Kylie. It'll be fun! We can take turns and-"

Kyle shot to his feet, glared down at his mother.

"I'm not a girl," he growled at her. "My name isn't 'Kylie', it's Kyle. I'm your son!"

Visible confusion filled his mother's face.

What was it Lucy had once said? Something about how bad it would be if his mother ever realised he was actually a guy again. He couldn't remember.

"Look at me," Kyle said, softer now. "Mom. Look at me. I'm a guy."

"Kylie," his mother began to say, "I don't-"

"Kyle! My name is Kyle, Mom. I'm a guy. I always have been. Please, just look at me."

She gave him a once-over, eyebrow raised.

But, whatever her eyes saw, in her mind all his mother could see was a woman's figure. Not broad, masculine shoulders or a wide chest. But a woman's bust and slender hips. It didn't matter how much he made her look at him, all she'd be able to see was a girl.

So Kyle did the only thing he could think of.

He yanked down his trousers and whipped out his cock.

His mother's eyes widened.

She glanced up from his cock to his face, back down again. Her lips parted, the confusion on her face doubling. Then, something snapped behind her eyes. A realisation. The confusion vanished in a heartbeat, replaced with a curious smile.

"Honey," his mother said, voice soft and sweet, "why are you wearing a strap-on?"

The words blew all the energy and hope out of Kyle's chest.

He sighed, shook his head.

"I think I get it," his mother continued, voice filled with a smile. "You want to play the part of a guy, is that it? I mean, I've done girl-on-girl stuff before, Kylie – sorry, *Kyle* - but I'm not sure if I'm the right person for you to want to try that stuff with, honey."

"I..." What could he say? What could he do?

He'd failed to fix her.

As far as he could tell, his attempt at putting his mother back to how she used to be had failed so miserably that it hadn't affected her *at all*.

How was he supposed to make *this* better?

"I mean," his mother breathed, eyes locking on to Kyle's cock. "I *am* your mother. Us doing things like that would be... Wrong."

Flushed cheeks, soft panting, hungry eyes.

She was turned on. Plain as day.

His mother was aroused at the thought of being fucked with a strap-on dildo by her daughter. Was that Lucy's doing, transforming his mother into a slut? Or was this always

the woman she'd been deep down?

Or, worst of all, had *Kyle* somehow done this to her?

In trying to fix her, had he accidentally broken her even more?

There were no answers to those question. The answers didn't matter.

His mother was broken, perhaps beyond repair.

And she was beautiful.

And willing.

How many times had he thought about it? Dreamed of his mother being his? If not for Lucy, he'd probably have made a move on her himself by now. That he'd held back for so long, focused only on Ana, was a miracle.

But Ana was his now.

And, if he could have Ana, he could have *anyone*.

Anyone. Including his broken, beautiful mother.

"Suck it," he said before he could stop himself.

His mother looked up at him, stared into his eyes.

"You're always talking about how *wild* you used to be, about all the guys you've fucked and want to fuck. So, prove it. Show me how much of a slut you are, Mom. Show me you're not all talk."

The woman gulped, slowly nodded her head.

She stood up, took Kyle by the hand and led him wordlessly towards her bedroom.